

SUNKEN TREASURE SHIPS AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND.

THE poet wrote more literally and accurately than he knew when he declared: Full many a gem of pure ray serene The dark, untathum'd caves of ocean

There are "millions in it"—the ocean. The only difficult thing about the proposition is to locate those millions and those gems. They are there, have been there for generations, some of them for hundreds of years. To bring them to the light of day is a problem that many minds in the past and in modern times have tried hard to solve. It was only the other day, in fact, that there was reported the locating in Long Island sound of a wreck that had remained undiscovered for more than sixty years. On the night of the 12th of January, 1840, to be exact, the steamer Lexington was burned and sank, with a loss of 100 lives, carrying down with her more than \$400,000 in United States currency, bank notes and specie. For nearly two generations she lay there, but when on the sixty-first anniversary of her sinking an account was published of the disaster there were pirates originally, consisting of the most prominent of those gentlemen of the sea who found it more convenient to take by force what they wanted than to earn it honestly was the renowned Captain Kidd. Indeed, he is to many the typical pirate because the most frequently held up to reproach, though there are some who declare that he died a victim to malice and was innocent of the crimes imputed to him. However that may be, Captain Kidd made the mistake of operating too boldly and too near our coast and was cut off in the midst of a most promising career. After cruising in various seas he returned to the vicinity of New York and buried a portion of his hard earned wealth on Gardner's island, near the east end of Long Island. This is known because after his arrest, which soon followed, the treasure was dug up and found to consist of bags of gold dust, gold coins, silver buttons and lamps, gold bars, broken silver, crystals, carnelians and precious stones to the value of more than \$70,000. The chest containing this treasure was found and its contents were confiscated. But this was not all of Kidd's wealth, for a portion of it was probably concealed in Santo Domingo and still another in Delaware bay. It is this unrecovered portion,

presumably vastly greater than that which was found, that has been the object of search for the past 200 years. Kidd's career terminated exactly 200 years ago, for he was hung in England in May, 1701; but he soon had a rival in the person of the notorious Edward Teach, better known to history as "Blackbeard the Pirate," and whose operations were extended from the West Indies to the Carolina coast. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the first quarter of the eighteenth the rovers of the sea were in their glory, but of them all there was none so famous as the dreaded Blackbeard. His headquarters were in the West Indies, notably in the Danish island of St. Thomas, where his castle is pointed out today on one of the three hills upon which the town of Charlotte Amalia is built. After making many a good man "walk the plank" in Caribbean waters and committing terrible atrocities Blackbeard came north and made his rendezvous in Pamlico sound,

where pirates and other treasure seekers neared the place where the chest lay. Then there was La Fitte, whose scene of operations was the Gulf of Mexico and his nominal headquarters at New Orleans. He and his crews did valiant service for the American army under General Jackson, but previously, tradition relates, they had ravaged many a bit of coast and hidden away millions in treasure. Some of it has been recovered, according to accounts, as well as the ill gotten gains of such river pirates as Murrel, McCabe and Mason, whose last feat was the murder of a paymaster of the United States army and his men at the same time and the carrying off of \$30,000. In an enumeration of the locations where piratical and other treasure is concealed it will be less difficult to mention than to find space for them all, for traditions point to scores of islands and headlands all the way from the bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico. There has been a persistent hunt for years for Captain Kidd's and other

have more than \$1,000,000 on board at the time, but an investigation by James Russell Lowell, when minister to England, disclosed the fact that according to the admiralty records she had brought over to New York only £2,000, and even that amount had been landed before she sank. Yet there have been numerous attempts to recover the treasure she was supposed to contain, costing in the aggregate, it is estimated, more than \$500,000. But if we would find the richest depository of sunken treasure we must go to the West Indies and search the coral floor of the Caribbean sea. It was there that the Spaniards held almost exclusive sway during the time when the mines of Mexico, the West Indies and South America were in the heyday of their fortunes. Grand old three-decker galleons capable of carrying enormous cargoes were continually traversing the Caribbean, sailing from Vera Cruz, the Isthmus of Panama and Santo Domingo for Cadiz and Seville, in Spain, laden

bringing back the products of Spain and recruits for the American colonies. Spain, however, was not to have this rich traffic all to herself, for the Dutch, French and English soon began to inquire what there was in it for them and, to emphasize their inquiry, sent out men-of-war and privateers to cruise the Caribbean waters. They took many valuable prizes, despite the protests of Spain, and after them came their privateers, who soon degenerated into freebooters and buccaners. On the north coast of Haiti is a small island known as Tortuga, which in the seventeenth century was made the rendezvous of the buccaners, comprising men of various nationalities, but chiefly French and Dutch, who had been driven from their homes in the southern Caribbees and had taken to piracy in revenge. They committed many atrocities not only upon the crews of the Spanish ships, but upon the inhabitants of settlements in the West Indies and on the Spanish main. Between the

It is said, he buried the bulk of his treasure, after which he murdered all or nearly all, of the men who knew of its location and sailed for Jamaica. He was called to account by the British government for his many crimes, but with his vast wealth not only purchased exemption, but a title, from that disreputable monarch, Charles II, and now lives in history as "Sir" Henry Morgan. At one time governor of Jamaica, he was not like Sir Henry Morgan to leave any portion of his ill gotten millions on the island where he buried it, but during the past twenty years or so the stories of its continued existence there have been revived, and several expeditions have been made with a view to recover it. So far as known, all have been fruitless, but a cave, reached only by submarine passage, has been found in which were discovered traces of occupancy and of concealed plunder of some sort. That Santa Catalina and Tortuga contain buried treasure in vast amounts is undoubtedly true, and as neither island is very large it would seem an easy thing to discover it. But the former is subject to violent hurricanes, and the currents surrounding it are treacherous, while Tortuga is owned by the semibarbarous Haitians, who jealously resent any intrusion of foreigners, especially of white people, and will neither explore for treasure themselves nor permit any one else to do so. Pirates and buccaners concealed their plunder all along the coasts of the Caribbean, not only on the Spanish main, but in many islands and indications of buried gold are constantly coming to light, especially in the Danish islands of St. Thomas and St. John, in the Pearl Islands off Venezuela, in Porto Rico, Cuba and Santo Domingo. So far as sunken galleons filled with gold and silver are concerned, the island of Cuba is almost girdled with them. In the year 1675 a great treasure galleon was sunk northwesterly from the base of the five Spanish galleons with \$4,000,000 in bullion aboard, were sunk in the channel between Florida and Cuba; in 1680 more than fifteen

HOW CHARLES T. YERKES BEGAN HIS CAREER

Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street railway magnate who is now building electric lines in London, showed an early appreciation of the theory of buying and selling to advantage. He tells how as a boy he frequented a saleroom near his home.



"One day," after Mr. Yerkes "I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been sent to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, 'This will go cheap, so I straightway ran to the corner grocery, and after drawing from the gross a promise to pay a certain price for another bid.' many boxes of that soap as I could furnish—be, of course, never dreaming I would supply them—I returned to the saleroom. A box of this soap was about to be knocked down to the highest bidder, when I called out from my corner another bid. The box was declared sold to me and my name demanded. 'Charles Yerkes, Jr.," I piped out in a shrill voice—I was only eleven years old. "The bystanders were amused, but their laughter gave place to amazement when I bid in the entire lot of twenty-two boxes, and promptly delivered them to the corner grocery and received the price agreed upon. Mr. Hawes, the astonished grocer, upon learning how the purchase had been accomplished, remarked, 'Well, I guess I could have done that myself.' And I replied that I guessed he could too."

THE HOSTESS'S REVENGE.

A gentleman who was invited out to dine lately observed that the chandelier over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue.

"What is the object of having the globes of different color?" the guest asked of his hostess.

"Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea one must invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now, last Tuesday I gave a supper, and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them, or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They are usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute they sat down. The men noticed this thing, and they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned, with a sigh, and began talking to a real homey little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything."

PAT'S READY EXCUSE.

During a severe engagement an Irish private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favorite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sorrow than of anger.

"I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me."

"An' what's the reason of that, sor?" "Reason enough, Pat. Didn't you promise me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I catch you actually running away, you rascal?" "Runnin' away, is it? Dade, captain, but ye deserve yourself. It was in remembrance of my promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around trovin' to find out just where the fight was thickest."

WOMEN OF ENDURANCE.

In the bakeries of La Rochefoucauld, in France, it is said that women enter the ovens when they are at a temperature of 301 degrees.



SINKING OF THE HUSSAR.

TREASURE GALLEONS.

MORGAN BURYING PART OF HIS TREASURE.

of having concealed millions in treasure of various sorts, and it may be remarked in this connection that there have been more seekers for it by far than there were pirates originally, consisting of the most prominent of those gentlemen of the sea who found it more convenient to take by force what they wanted than to earn it honestly was the renowned Captain Kidd. Indeed, he is to many the typical pirate because the most frequently held up to reproach, though there are some who declare that he died a victim to malice and was innocent of the crimes imputed to him. However that may be, Captain Kidd made the mistake of operating too boldly and too near our coast and was cut off in the midst of a most promising career. After cruising in various seas he returned to the vicinity of New York and buried a portion of his hard earned wealth on Gardner's island, near the east end of Long Island. This is known because after his arrest, which soon followed, the treasure was dug up and found to consist of bags of gold dust, gold coins, silver buttons and lamps, gold bars, broken silver, crystals, carnelians and precious stones to the value of more than \$70,000. The chest containing this treasure was found and its contents were confiscated. But this was not all of Kidd's wealth, for a portion of it was probably concealed in Santo Domingo and still another in Delaware bay. It is this unrecovered portion,

He exacted tribute from the city of Charleston, he ravaged the coast towns in every direction, murdering and plundering, and became such a terror to American commerce that the colonial government took a hand in his extinction. Brave Lieutenant Maynard sought him out in the armed sloop Pearl one day in November, 1718, found him at his rendezvous in the sound and engaged him forthwith. The contest was one of the bloodiest on record, the pirates first swept the sloop's deck with a cannon fire that killed more than twenty men, then boarded it and engaged the enemy hand to hand. The principal contest was between Blackbeard and Lieutenant Maynard and was long and bloody, but terminated in victory for the gallant officer, who soon was sailing into port with the pirate's head at the end of his bowsprit. Blackbeard's treasure is supposed to be buried all along the coast of North Carolina, the governor of which state, it was shown at the trial of the surviving pirates, was in collusion with him. The coast country is full of traditions of Blackbeard, and he has been the bugaboo of naughty children for these many years. At the mouth of Symon's creek, near the Pamlico, one story goes, a great iron bound chest could be seen a century ago buried in the sands, but all endeavors to recover it were frustrated by the elements, the sea rising, thunder rolling and lightning flashing each time



HENRY MORGAN. BLACKBEARD.

treasures at Oak Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, a pit having been sunk more than 100 feet in depth by one individual, and it is well known that Sable Island is a veritable treasure house of wealth as well as a graveyard of noble ships. One of the false leads to conjectural treasure was that of the sunken British frigate the Hussar, which went down in Hell Gate in 1777. It was supposed to

depositions of the buccaners and others Spain lost many millions, and without their aid she always reckoned the average annual loss at \$1,000,000 from hurricanes alone. The buccaners sacked such cities as Santo Domingo, Cartagena, Maracaibo, Colon and Porto Bello and harried the Spanish fleet so that very few of the treasure ships ever made their voyages unscathed. The typical buccaneer is found in the person of Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who went to the West Indies when young, fell in with the buccaners of Tortuga and finally became chief villain of the then wealthy city of Panama. This city he robbed of all its treasures, to the amount, it is estimated, of \$15,000,000, and compelling several hundred prisoners to accompany him on his return journey, marched back across the isthmus to the Caribbean side. He capped the climax of his atrocities by massacring his prisoners, and, finally, after killing many of his own men, he made for the island of Santa Catalina, about a hundred miles east of the Mosquito coast and not far from Roncador reef, where the Kearsarge was sunk a few years ago. There,

tons of silver were thrown overboard off the west coast of Cuba; all over the Isle of Pines are sunken wrecks of galleons containing at the time they were lost from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 each. Twelve tons of silver were being carried as ballast from the mines of Potosi to Spain when one stormy night the galleon was captured by buccaners, who threw overboard the crew and also the silver bars, which they took for so-called baser metal. This was in 1579, or sixteen years before Sir William Phipps, the New England Yankee, recovered thirty-two tons of silver and a large fortune in gems from a sunken galleon off the north coast of Santo Domingo. And he found but one of a fleet of five or six, all of which were carried down in a hurricane. On the south coast of the same island, in a locality over which the writer of this article has himself sailed, lies the galleon in which Governor Bobadilla took passage for Spain in the year 1502 and which sank in a hurricane with all on board, while containing in its treasure tank the largest nugget of gold ever found in America. If the inquiry were to be extended to the Pacific coast, it would be found only less rich than the Caribbean in sunken treasure ships, for all the way from Chile to Alaska, and especially off Mexico and California, vessels have gone down with wealth untold. FREDERICK A. OBER.

King Edward and the New X Ray Cure For Cancer.

IS King Edward of England suffering from that dread disease cancer? This is a question that has been agitating all Europe for several weeks—in fact, the whole world is interested in it. There have been numerous denials from apparently authoritative sources, but when it is recalled that similar denials were forthcoming just prior to the deaths of General Grant, Queen Victoria, Emperor Frederick of Germany and others they are received with somewhat of suspicion. Indeed, many well informed people abroad seem to think that they must have some foundation in fact and that the king is either suffering from cancer in its incipient stages or has a very alarming condition of the throat. As a prominent figure in the world, royalty King Edward VII. is subject to the penalty of greatness (although not in himself, the great alienist Lombroso says, anything at all remarkable) and cannot prevent his private affairs from being discussed by the people at large. Whenever anything, be it ever so trivial, happens to royalty all the world is at once interested. Therefore such a report as this, going forth from high places, to the effect that King Edward is suffering from an affection of the throat that may be cancerous in char-

acter renders it perfectly legitimate to inquire as to the possible contributory causes of such a malady either in his own life or the lives of his ancestors. Though the facts collected by insurance companies go to show that the danger from inheriting cancer is not so great as commonly supposed, yet the pathologists hold to the theory that it may be and often is a transmitted disease. Going back, then, as far as King Edward's ancestral line as the reign of the first of the Georges, widening the scope of causation and taking cognizance of the legacy of hate bequeathed by that monarch to his descendants, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the corroding virus of the first George and the unrestrained passions of George II. have exerted a baleful influence upon those that followed after them. Though George III. was highly moral, as contrasted with his father and grandfather, yet during the latter portion of his long life of eighty-two years he was hopelessly insane, while his erratic temper, at times passing beyond all restraint, is a matter of history. George IV. was both immoral and dissipated. William I., who succeeded him, was equally vice ridden and left to his country a burden of shame in his numerous illegitimate children. His niece Victoria, as all the

world recognizes, was a model of virtuous domesticity, as was her husband, the prince consort. In fact, vice and the tendency to it seem to have skipped every other generation in the British royal line for the past 200 years and to have appeared only intermittently. As to the life led by the present king, when Prince of Wales rumor has fully outlined its character, and the deduction may be fairly made as to whether its general trend was contributory to health or to disease. While there may be no taint in his ancestry traceable to the disease per se and only a basis for hypothesis, it is different when his immediate relatives are taken as subjects of investigation. It was only a little more than a year ago, for instance, or in July, 1900, that his brother, Prince Alfred, duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, died of heart failure, superinduced by cancer of the tongue. A year later, in August, 1901, his sister, the empress dowager of Germany, passed away, the victim of dropsy accompanying the same disease—cancer. The malady which caused her death had its beginning ten years previously and brought her intense suffering, but did not threaten to be fatal until November of last year. She was unable to leave her couch when Queen Victoria was at the

point of death last January and could not go to her, though the anxious mother was constantly asking in her unconscious moments, "Why does not Vicky come?" There seems to be an opinion that the dowager Empress Frederick may have contracted the disease during her long vigil by the side of her husband, who died of cancer of the throat after having been only three months emperor of Germany. Now it is reported that King Edward is going to spend a portion of the winter at San Remo, on the Riviera, in the same Villa Zirio which was last occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick and from which he departed to be crowned emperor in 1888. The cause of cancerous affections, declares a great authority, has been the subject of investigation for many, many years, but seems to be veiled in as much obscurity as ever. The older pathologists believe that a certain "dyscrasia," or constitutional vice, so alters the humors of the body that cancer and other tumors make their appearance. This authority also states that heredity may play a part in producing cancerous affections. No man or woman, in fact, may be exempt from its ravages, but perhaps the strongest tendencies toward the disease spring from hereditary taint. Applying the deductions from these generalizations to the royal personage mentioned in this connection, the inference would seem to be natural that he may be suffering from this most dreadful of ailments. While it has been held up to within a few years that there is no radical cure for cancer except the knife—and this in many cases has been proved a failure—there is a growing belief in the efficacy of the X rays as a germ destroyer and probably a palliative, if not cure, for

cancer. It is a germicide, acting upon the tissues by liberating oxygen and forming ozone and increasing the red corpuscles by stimulation, thus promoting the vitality of the blood. Suffering humanity will be cheered by the belief that at last a possible cure has been found for cancer, for, so far as experimentation has progressed, it seems to have proved effectual in several instances, and noted specialists have declared in its favor. Great advances, they say, has been made in this direction since the deaths of the Emperor Frederick and of General Grant, who were both victims of the same terrible cancerous trouble, one in the throat and the other at the root of the tongue. Many now living will recall the long and heroic siege that General Grant underwent at Mount McGregor in 1865. At first the trouble appeared only as a soreness of the root of the mouth, which developed into the cancer that caused his death. It was the belief at that time, as it is largely now, that in cancerous cases where internal or delicate organs are attacked like the bowels, merely palliative treatment should be thought of. Surgery has often been appealed to, but only more as a means for averting immediate dissolution than with any real hope for a radical cure. If, then, the X ray cure be all its advocates claim, the discovery, or, rather, the application, will be hailed with joy all over the world. ALLAN GERMAINE.

How the Women of Japan Storm Japanese Bargain Counters.



Shopping is pretty much the same the world over, only in Japan it is, if anything, more elaborate than anywhere else—that is, the visits to the shops by women who have infinite time to waste and vast curiosity to satisfy are generally more protracted than elsewhere. The Japanese woman is patient and obsequious, but after one of her countrywomen has spent half a day in his shop and then, after fumbling over goods enough to stock a harem, makes a low bow and retires, with the promise to call again a week later, the long suffering little brown man has been known to slam his goods about and say things like, however, too polite to express his feelings before the ladies, and as his shop is open on all sides to the streets and without glass windows or doors he has to be careful to retire to a private corner before indulging in "swear words."